

H A R U S P E X

Back within his mind,
& I say Back to relate
darkness &/or ignorance
to the past, two thousand
years or so, he slays
his calf of opinion
& tells his future
by the products
of its entrails. Freud,
you know. & from
this sacramental, star
touched tripe, as from
reading by half light
a manifesto, he emerges
to or usually not,
& finds his rite is burned
or fed the poor

James Singer